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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

POEMS ORIGINAL AND DERIVED

THE TRIPLE SHROUD

This is the triple shroud,
Spun of a single thread
On spindles of the whirling worlds
In thundering halls of dread;
It makes the living shine as flame,
And resurrects the dead.

Life is the shroud of love,
Woven of dust and breath.
Death is the shroud of life;
Love is the shroud of death.

THE WAY

Some souls have slept with sorrow,
And some have walked with shame.
With both I went in shadows
Through firmaments of flame—
To clasp the formless in the form,
The substance in the name.

ONCE MORE

Once more I strip my shroud from me,
Once more unfurl my azure wings,

Mason A. Freeman, Jr.

Pursue athwart the reeling suns
An ever-dancing star that sings
Of madder joys than I have dreamed,
And fiercer griefs than I have borne:
Yet would I burn between her breasts
Behind the curtains of the morn!

EPIGRAMS

The Poet

Up leaped the lark in flight,
And saw the dawn
Singing above the night.

The Untrammelled

Only the wind is free—
He shapes at will
The sea's plasticity.

The Beggar

The tulip lifts its bowl
Toward sun and cloud
To ask its daily dole.

Weeping-willow

Is it a maid I see
With hair unbound,
Or a weeping-willow tree?

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The Lotus

The lotus dreams that she
May root in mud,
Yet steal off with the bee.

On a Cameo

This image on a ring
Is all that lives
Of what was once a king.

Late Mourning

Plum petals fall like tears
Upon a grave
Neglected now for years.

Recognition

What seek you from the sky?
Long since
The noisy geese flew by.

The Prophetess

For years the earth has known
Impending fate
Each time the dead moon shone.

FROM THE VEDIC

The Egg

What lies hidden in the shell
Was born through torment deep in hell;

Mason A. Freeman, Jr.

And it will burst its bonds to sense
Analogous experience,
And swing through poles of heaven and hell
To lurk again within the shell.

Ecce Homo

Behold the man indeed—the inner self
Who sits inside, no bigger than one's thumb;
Who limbless moves, and lacking eyes can see;
Scans all the past, can all the future plumb.

The Herdsman

I hail the wandering herdsman of the night,
The watcher and the shepherd of the stars,
Who points the pathway leading to the light,
And for the sheep lets down the golden bars.

The Rosary

Within the all-enfolding hands
The worlds are being told like beads.
Lift up your eyes and look thereon!—
What need have ye of forms and creeds?

Creation

The moon was gendered from my mind,
And from my eye the sun had birth,
And from my breast the winds burst forth,
And underneath my feet the earth.

Mason A. Freeman, Jr.